

GUNMEN SAFE IN CELLS OF DEATH HOUSE

GOFF CALLS DOWN ALIENIST AT HYDE TRIAL

Weather—Cloudy to-night; Wednesday clearing; colder

FINAL
EDITION.

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HYDE'S ACCUSER INSANE, THINKS HE'S SON OF CZAR, ALIENISTS SWEAR TO JURY

Dr. Austin Flint and Other Experts Declare Robin Will Never Recover—Supreme Judges Testify to Hyde's Good Character.

Judges, business men and bankers went on the witness stand today before Justice Goff in extraordinary term of the Supreme Court and testified to the good character of Charles H. Hyde, former City Chamberlain, who is on trial charged with bribery in connection with the loaning of \$130,000 by the Northern Bank to the Carnegie Trust Company.

All of the witnesses declared Hyde's character was of the "very best," and said they did not believe the reports about his alleged connection with the raising of funds to bribe legislators when the race track bills were under discussion at Albany. They told Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss, on cross-examination they had not taken any stock in the report circulated two years ago that Hyde had taken a secret trip in his household to avoid testifying before the Legislative Investigating Committee.

Hyde's attorney, Max D. Steuer, and John B. Stanchfield, also called alienists, including Dr. Austin Flint, to testify that Joseph G. Robin, wrecker of the Northern Bank, and chief witness against Hyde, is insane. Robin testified that Hyde had forced him to make the loan to the Carnegie Trust. The defense sought to show he was insane, and that the bribery story was the creation of a disordered brain.

DEFENSE PUTS IN AN ALIBI FOR HYDE.

In addition to attacking Robin's sanity, the defense has set up an alibi for Hyde. Robin declared the meeting at which the alleged threat was made took place in Hyde's office at 9 o'clock at night, and that Cummings, Reichman and himself were present. On the witness stand Hyde, his beautiful wife and his fourteen-year-old son all swore last night that at the hour named Hyde was at dinner at his country place at Roseton, L. I., and that the meeting could not have taken place as Robin narrated it.

Samuel T. Maddox, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Kings County, went on the stand as the first witness of the day and the first of the "character" witnesses. He was examined by John B. Stanchfield.

"What is Charles H. Hyde's reputation for honesty, probity and integrity?" he asked.

"Good—very good," said the Judge, who declared he had never heard anything against Mr. Hyde.

DIDN'T BELIEVE THE STORIES ABOUT EX-CHAMBERLAIN.

Under cross-examination by Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss, Justice Maddox declared he had read allegations against Hyde in the newspapers, but did not believe them.

"You say his reputation is good, then?"

"Yes—good, very good indeed."

Justice Almet F. Jenks was the second witness.

Q. What is Mr. Hyde's reputation for honesty, integrity and probity? A. Good.

Q. Have you ever heard anything against his character?

Justice Goff interposed to say the one question was all that could be asked. There was a sharp clash between Justice Goff and Mr. Stanchfield, but the Court was adamant.

On cross examination by Mr. Moss, Justice Jenks admitted he had heard many conversations derogatory to Mr. Hyde, but said that from his personal knowledge of the defendant he maintained his reputation was of the best.

ASKS ABOUT RACE TRACK GRAFT STORY.

Q. Have you never heard it said that Mr. Hyde was interested in raising a fund of \$200,000 to influence race track legislation in this State? A. I do not recall; I probably did read of it in the newspapers.

Q. Do you not consider that such charges go toward making for a man's bad reputation? A. I consider Mr. Hyde's reputation to be of the very best.

Justice John T. Marean declared Mr. Hyde's reputation was "good."

Cross examined by Mr. Moss, Justice Marean said he had never heard Mr. Hyde's reputation attacked, even in the papers.

"The newspapers do not libel people."

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FOR RACING SEE PAGE 18

HIS RIVAL'S DRAMA, PUT ON BY BELASCO, BIG HIT AS FARCE

Noted Producer Stages Two Plays to Disprove Charge of Plagiarism.

MIRTH SHAKES HOUSE.

Mr. Goldknopf's Villain Is Foiled Amid Laughter of Remarkable Audience.

David Belasco took the most horrible vengeance on an annoyance at the Belasco Theatre this afternoon that was ever meted out to a would-be rival by a playwright. Mr. Belasco produced "Tainted Philanthropy," a drama written by Abraham Goldknopf. He put the best actors procurable on Broadway at work to give "Tainted Philanthropy" the most artistic production their art and the lines of Mr. Goldknopf made possible. No interpolations, not the slightest departure from the seriousness which the author would have demanded of them was to be allowed. They obeyed orders.

The result was the most gorgeous laugh a theatrical of people has had in New York in years. No burlesque, no Weber-Fields reunion, no minstrel show ever moved an audience of thoroughly sophisticated playgoers, more than half of them playwrights and actors, to more explosive laughter.

Theodore Thompson, the broken broker, had become a parlor drunkard to make Grace Dalton unlearn her love for him. He wandered hazily about the Dalton drawing room, taking a drink from a silver pocket flask whenever nobody was looking, murmuring each time: "All for her; all for her!"

THEODORE SNEAKS A DRINK—NAUGHTY!

Theodore sat down in a lounge in a corner, under pictures of Washington, Roosevelt and Taff, and drank. He sighed bitterly and tried to sneak another drink. Grace caught him. He shouldn't do it. No. Her darling was not to ruin himself. She made him put the flask back in his pocket. Then she threw herself across his knees, weeping bitterly. Cautionally, he extracted the flask without disturbing her.

"Don't cry, dear Grace," he said, after laying the bottle aside, empty. "You make me feel like crying too."

Whereupon, he laid his aristocratic nose on the back of her neck and they sat hunched up, over and above and around each other, and sobbed and sobbed until mother came in. He observed the affectionate, if tearful, snarl. "I shall not disturb them," observed mother to the audience. "Let her stick to Theodore for the time. It will give me more of a chance at Jack."

Jack, as acted with all the brutal forces which that accomplished player, Joseph Kilgour, could command, is the wicked captain of finance, who desires to purchase Grace's fair, sweet, unspiced soul with his gold. He is the monster who has driven Theodore into bankruptcy.

After Theodore has flirted with a revolver in a monologue and is about to leave, Grace throws her arms about his neck and kisses him good-by. Jack objects.

"I guess I can say goodbye to my friend if I want to," snaps the haughty beauty, peevishly.

SOME BOOZE IN THIS PLAY—WINE, WOW!

For one more example of what Mr. Belasco lets his adversary do to himself, it is worth while to call a gem from the scene of the triumph of Jack, the brutal money king.

"Let's open some wine," he shouts in his hour of apparent victory.

His secretary, Mr. Watts, who has been about the house of Mrs. Dalton since he was injured by an exploding firecracker in front of the place and brought in by a Belgian ambulance surgeon, hurried out. He comes back to say that there is no wine.

"Run around to the corner and get some wine then," commands the typical Fifth Avenue widow. "And hurry!"

A few minutes later Mr. Watts, acted in perfect harmony by the great liberator of character, Albert Branning, reappeared, rubbing his hands together apologetically, announcing, "The wine is on the ice, madam."

There was a reason for this production. Abraham Goldknopf has a son, who is an automobile dealer.

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Condemned Gunmen Entering Sing Sing With Crowd Gathered at Prison Door

(Specially Photographed by an Evening World Staff Photographer.)



AUTO WASHER SPEEDING TAXI WITHOUT A LICENSE KILLS AN 8-YEAR-OLD BOY

Garage Helper Held for Homicide After Crushing Out Life of Child in Street.

When will the Board of Aldermen pass an ordinance regulating the licensing of chauffeurs and taxicab operators?

Theodore Brody, an eight-year-old boy, was run down and killed last night, near his home, No. 1060 Finley avenue, the Bronx, by a taxicab owned by Jacob Kessler and Irving J. Wallace, partners in the Morris Garage, at No. 1065 Morris avenue, the Bronx. The machine was going forty miles an hour when the homicide was committed.

Joseph Ring, eighteen years old, employed as an automobile washer, mechanic and roustabout at the garage and possessing no license as a chauffeur, drove the car that killed the little boy.

Kessler, one of the garage owners, called as a witness before Coroner Shonquist, today, said that though he knew Ring had no license and he was hired by the garage only as a mechanic, it was part of his duty—a well understood part of his duty—to take out a car for hire, when all the licensed chauffeurs were away from the place. This violation of the law was understood to be incumbent upon Ring, when he was hired, three weeks ago. He had violated the law similarly, before he killed the Brody boy last night.

"Did you know Ring had no license to drive an automobile?" the Coroner asked Kessler.

"Yes, but it was a mutual agreement that he should only take out a car in a pinch," the garage owner answered. "So we saw the kid lying as a memorandum on the office desk, and an employee was in the garage at the time, he drove it himself."

"Did you know you were violating the law by going out with a car without a license?" was a question the Coroner put to Ring.

"Yes, but I thought it would be all right. That was the understanding," the boy meekly replied.

No charge was preferred against Kessler and the Coroner allowed him to go. Ring was held in \$2,500 bail on the double charge of homicide and of driving without a license.

Kessler elaborated upon his testimony in conversation with an Evening World reporter. He said:

UNLICENSED, HELPER TOOK OUT TAXICAB.

"An order came into the garage last night from Louis Haffen of No. 547 Sherman avenue," said Kessler, in explaining the circumstances preceding the tragic death of the child. "Haffen wanted a machine immediately at the McKinley Square Casino, but all of our chauffeurs were out. So I left a note on the desk in the office, directing the first chauffeur who came in to fill the Haffen order. Then I left the office."

"Ring, who is a competent chauffeur and mechanic and who knows more about a car than most chauffeurs, saw the order and took out the car. He did this under the mutual agreement that Ring could take out a machine in a pinch and nothing would be said about it. I found out later that Ring had gone on the call."

Ring left at 9 o'clock last night and the killing of the boy followed swiftly upon his departure.

When the machine was passing Finley avenue at One Hundred and Sixty-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

MRS. SAGE SWEARS OFF TAXES ON \$2,000,000.

Mrs. Russell Sage appeared in the tax office this afternoon and swore off her estate, appraised at \$2,000,000 last year, and reduced to a \$2,500,000 appraisal this year, to the amount of great wealth in line, as trustee of the estate of Cornelius Vanderbilt estate, swore off from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, alleging that he paid taxes on the remainder of the estate elsewhere.

W. Vanderbilt swore off his taxes from \$200,000 to \$100,000.

KILLS SWEETHEART IN A JEALOUS RAGE, THEN SHOOTS SELF

Margaret Schraeder Pays With Life for Her Flirtation With Michael Graffeo.

Margaret Schraeder, nineteen years old and glowing with the radiant blonde beauty of the Teutonic type, paid the price of her flirtations to-day. She was shot dead by a jealous lover in the washroom of the Stern, Saalberg & Co. candy factory, where she worked, at No. 416 West Forty-fifth street.

Michael Graffeo, the man who had pursued her with his importunities and threatened her in the black rage that alternated with his softer moods of wooing, was her murderer. After putting two bullets through the pretty head of the candy wrapper, Graffeo shot himself through the temple. He is lying in the Polytechnic Hospital.

Margaret lived with her parents at No. 17 Madison street in Guttenberg, N. J., and had worked several years in the candy factory where she met her death. Graffeo lived at No. 64 West Forty-ninth street. For more than a year he had wooed the fair-haired German girl, half frightened, half pleased by her with his impetuous attentions.

The girl seemed to enjoy keeping her admirer ever on the anxious seat. She occasionally went to dances with him, but she would always turn a deaf ear to his demands that she marry him.

The last of her refusals was given Saturday night, when she went to a ball with Graffeo and then laughed in his face when he urged that on Monday they go to the priest.

Shortly after lunch to-day Margaret left the wrapping counter where she worked and went to the third floor to the washroom. Here one man, Monte-Villa Serodine, worked on that floor, which is used as a storeroom. Afterward he swore he had heard nothing.

Some of the other girls on the second floor grew curious at Margaret's long absence and two of them, Teasle McDonald and Elizabeth Tolan, went up to the washroom on the third floor. They found the door secured from the inside and growing alarmed summoned assistance.

Lazarus Lathrop, the superintendent of the factory, managed to get his hand through the cracks in the washroom door grating and to cut a rope which was stretched from the door-knob to a pipe inside the little enclosure. Then he discovered that murder had been done.

Margaret lay on the floor, one bullet wound through the right side of her head and another near her right eye. She was dead. By her side was the form of the Greek. He was shot once through the left side of the head above the ear and was still breathing. A revolver lay by his outstretched hand. He had made good his oft-repeated threat that if he could not wed Margaret he would kill her.

GUNMEN ARE HOOTED BY WILD MOBS ON WAY TO THE DEATH HOUSE

Armed Sheriff and Aides Make Spectacular March After Goff Sentences Convicted Quartet to Die in Chair Jan. 6.

CROWD OF 5,000 RUSHES GUARD AT GRAND CENTRAL

Harburger Breathes Sigh of Relief When Prisoners Are Safely Led Into Sing Sing Prison.

The four gunmen—"Whitey Lewis," "Dago Frank," "Lefty Louie" and "Gyp the Blood"—were sentenced to death and delivered to the death house in Sing Sing Prison to-day, the date of their electrocution having been fixed by Justice Goff for the week of Jan. 6.

The condemned slayers of Herman Rosenthal were compelled to run a gamut of a dozen hooting mobs before they arrived at Sing Sing prison's doors at 1:40 o'clock this afternoon. Sheriff Harburger had provided for his prisoners the most sensational progress to prison of which there is probably any historical record in this country. A walking battery himself, the Sheriff had practically armed his deputies to the teeth and had pressed into service additional guards of Central Office detectives, Sing Sing prison sentries and Ossining town constables, about fivescore in all.

SUFFRAGISTS LAUD TAFI FOR GIVING WOMAN BIG OFFICE

Specifically Name President, Because Roosevelt Failed to Do Same Thing.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26.—The National American Woman Suffrage Association convention after adopting resolutions praising President Taft for appointing a woman as head of the National Children's Bureau, commending the crusade against the traffic in women, and endorsing arbitration to prevent wars, adjourned sine die early this afternoon.

The resolution commending President Taft was as follows:

"We deeply deplore the exploiting of the children of this country in our labor markets; we commend the creation of a national children's bureau and President Taft's appointment of a woman as head of the bureau."

The mention of the name of the President brought applause and when it subsided a delegate asked whether it was necessary to incorporate Mr. Taft's name in the resolution. Dr. Anna H. Shaw, the presiding officer, amid more applause, said it was, because Mr. Taft had removed the office from politics by choosing a woman without political influence.

Dr. Shaw added that former President Roosevelt had promised to make such an appointment, but had failed to do so.

The resolution on the traffic in women was as follows:

"We commend the effort of our national government to end the traffic in women. We urge the passage in our States of more stringent laws for the protection of women; we demand the same standard of morals for men and women and the same penalties for transgressors regardless of sex; that we call on women everywhere to awake to the danger of the social evil and to hasten that day when women shall vote and commercialized vice shall be exterminated."

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PANAMA CANAL CRUISES.

Three Panama Canal cruises will sail from New York to Colon, Panama, and back to New York, Nov. 27, 28 and 29. The Panama Canal Company has arranged for these cruises to give the public an opportunity to see the canal and the ships passing through it.

The small mob of porters and train-

The Sheriff considered that he was entirely justified for all his show of arms and armament when he learned, he said, that fifty members of the Sam Paul Association were aboard his train and that scores of gangsters had preceded him to Sing Sing to bid a final adieu to their former gun-fighting pals.

RIOTS AND UPROAR IN COURT BUILDING.

Riot and uproar attended the progress of the gunmen toward the death house from the moment (11:30 o'clock) Justice Goff finished reading the sentence of death to them in extraordinary term of the Supreme Court. For two hours before this time the Criminal Court building had been the scene of turbulence and disorder, with dozens of detectives and uniformed men in constant conflict with the mobs.

The arrival of the Rosenthal assassins at the Grand Central Station was the occasion of a monster demonstration in which the four prisoners and their guards were jostled and jumbled in a seething mass of five thousand people. Instead of following a devious and unobtrusive course and driving his charges through an obscure alley, Sheriff Harburger preferred a more spectacular way of showing the world how he could convey the murder quartet to their way to the death house.

Seated beside the driver and with his trusty revolvers gripped in his fists, the nervous Sheriff insisted on steering into the midst of the mob piled up in front of the Lexington avenue entrance to the depot and unloading his prisoners at the curb. There was no mistaking the big black van, and the roar which it was greeted brought thousands surging out of every nearby thoroughfare.

As the Sheriff unlocked the van doors and ordered the gunmen hauled out a swarm of five thousand men and women stormed about the doors of the big waiting room. Through this shouting mass the Sheriff plunged ahead with his string of prisoners and deputies behind them and with policemen and detectives fighting vainly to clear a path ahead of the procession.

CROWD MADE A FOOTBALL RUSH FOR PRISONERS.

Once within the big waiting room, the prisoners found themselves in the midst of a swirling bedlam. One hundred colored porters and uniformed attendants dropped whatever business they had in hand to join the press about the gunmen and light their way through it. A driving football rush is a mild pastime compared to the struggle the deputies had to yank their shackled captives through the jam in the waiting room and thence into the boxed corridors that lead down to the lower track levels.

The small mob of porters and train-